

THE
ANCHOR OF HOPE;

OR,
THE SEAMAN'S STAR!

A DRAMA,
IN
TWO ACTS,

BY
EDWARD STIRLING, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

*The Buffalo Girls, Kissing goes by Favour, Battle of Life, Lilly
Dawson, Baby Rattler, Hand of Cards, Aline, Captain
Charlotte, Bachelors' Buttons, On the 7 Blue
Jackets, Popping In and Out, L.
Margaret Catchpole, Norah Creino,
Little Back Parlour, Secret
Fos, &c., &c.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Mr. Dunmore, a Magistrate</i>	<i>Mr. Conway</i>
<i>Captain Walton</i>	<i>Mr. Tindell</i>
<i>Richard Hargrave</i>	<i>Mr. Fredericks</i>
<i>Tiller, a Cabin Boy</i>	<i>Miss Davis</i>
<i>Gregory Mumps, a Steward</i>	<i>Mr. Neville</i>
<i>Tom Topreif, a Boatswain</i>	<i>Mr. J. T. Johnson</i>
<i>Simon Crabtree</i>	<i>Mr. Lewis</i>
<i>Moonshine</i>	<i>Mr. Heslop</i>
<i>Red Sam</i>	<i>Mr. Hawkins</i>
<i>Tom Tough</i>	<i>Mr. Phelps</i>
<i>Abraham Moses, a Pedlar</i>	<i>Mr. E. Stirling</i>
<i>Emily Dunmore</i>	<i>Miss Vaughan</i>
<i>Dame Wheatley</i>	<i>Mrs. W. Daly</i>
<i>Mary Wheatley</i>	<i>Mrs. Ware.</i>

First produced at the Royal Surrey Theatre, April 19th, 1847.
Time in Representation—1 hour 30 minutes

COSTUME.

Dunmore—Brown coat, drab waistcoat, black breeches, white cravat, stockings and shoes.

Walton—White shirt, blue trowsers. Second. Naval captain's uniform, hat and sword.

Hargrave—Suit of black, complete.

Tiller—Blue naval coat and trowsers, naval cap.

Tom—Whiteshirt with blue collar, and white trowsers. Second. Do. do. with white jacket, straw hat with blue ribbon, yellow handkerchief.

Mumps—Grey full skirted coat, black breeches, long white cravat, ruffles, small striped stockings, shoes, low crowned hat.

Crabtree—Short smock frock, leather breeches, striped waistcoat, grey stockings, shoes, black handkerchief, rustic hat.

Moonshine—Red cotton shirt, petticoat trowsers, pea jacket, high boots, striped cotton cap, coloured handkerchief, belt.

Sam—Blue shirt, petticoat trowsers, high boots, belt, cotton cap.

Tough—Do. do. fur cap.

Boatmen and Smugglers—Do. do.

Sailors—White trowsers, blue jackets, shirts, hats.

Moses—Black gaberdine, black breeches and waistcoat, grey stockings shoes, black handkerchief, slouch hat.

Emily—Blue silk dress, trimmed with lace, white muslin petticoat.

Dame—Old fashioned cotton gown, white apron, cap with black ribbon, coloured handkerchief.

Mary—Drab tuck-up gown, trimmed with blue, blue petticoat, straw hat with pink ribbons, white muslin apron.

Villagers—Similar.

THE ANCHOR OF HOPE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Marine View, on the Coast of Cornwall. In the fore-ground, a neat cottage, and corn fields. A ship is seen in the distance, nearly wrecked. The waters of the distant ocean appear much agitated. Several Persons, Male and Female, are seen moving on the rocks, throwing out ropes, recovering chests, packages, &c. from the sea. Thunder is heard slightly, at intervals. Lights gradually raised, to indicate break of day.*

DAME WHEATLEY discovered, pouring the contents of a bottle into the mouth of **TILLER**, a Cabin Boy. *Music*—"Poor Jack." for opening.

Dame. There—bless you, that'll do you good, poor thing! it always does me. Now my child, do you feel a bit better?

Til. Yes, thank ye, ma'am.

Dame. Ah, to be sure you do: and you shall be better yet, if good eating and drinking can make you so. Besides, the storm's just over, and the blessed light of day puts new life and hope into all our hearts. There—drink a drop more, and eat another mouthful. Lor, dearee me! how my heart would grieve, if you had perished. So you was washed overboard, eh?

Til. Yes, ma'am: our vessel was lured ashore by false signals.

Dame. False signals! What is the name of the vessel, boy?

Til. "The Trafalgar."

Dame. Was there a seaman on board named Topreef?

Til. Yes: Tom Toproof, the Ro'san. As fine a sailor as ever swung in hammock.

Dame. [*Aside.*] It must be the same. My poor Mary! if he is lost, your heart will break. Go into the cottage, lad: you shall have rest and strength before you leave me. *Tiller enters cottage with Dame. Music. Distant shouts, and Topreef's voice heard in the distance—he is seen running to the shore.*]

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Tom. Landlubbers, ahoy! Will nobody throw out a grappler to help a poor devil ashore? [*Music. Topreef climbs the rocks, assisting Captain Walton, who is much exhausted.*] Steady, yer honour, we shall soon be high and dry on land. Steady—mind your footsteps: these outlandish rocks ain't the rattlins to climb up. There—now you're safe in dock. I could you Master Davy wouldn't stick his harpoon into us this time. [*Advancing, supporting Walton.*] Niceish stowage this, yer honour, for a ship-wrecked tar. If the hearts of the crew aboard this pretty craft—[*Points to cottage.*]—are only as bright and cheerful as the fields around them, why we are all right for snug quarters, a dry dock, lots of grog, soft biscuit, and a hearty welcome.

Walt. [*Faintly.*] Amidst all our misfortunes, next to our Providential deliverance from a watery grave, is that we are thrown upon this coast, so near our homes. I can never forget, my brave fellow, that I owe my life to your gallant exertions.

Tom. Noyer don't—ax pardon for contradicting yer honour—but it's to the great commander aloft, that we all owes everything. Fair weather or foul, it's all the same to him. Only put faith in him, and honour his flag, and you'll always find a hand ready and able to help yer. House, ahoy! [*Looks at house.*] Eh? no—yes! May I swallow a compass if it ain't! Huzza! Tol lol lol! [*Dances.*] All right, yer worship: it is—it is —

Walt. What?

Tom. My Molly's cabin. Lord bless her! Molly, ahoy! Jack! Sal! Peg! Dame! anybody aboard? [*Calling.*] Avast, yer honour! you shall soon swim in new milk, fried eggs and bacon. Molly, yee ho! Oh, my two eyes!

Mary. [*Within.*] That voice! [*Enters hastily from cottage—rushes into Topreef's arms. She is followed by Tiller and Dame.*]

Mary. Tom! [*Weeps.*]

Topr. Molly! Dame! The boy too, yer honour! [*Dances.*] Oh, I can't stand it. Now don't work your pumps, it's all right—I ain't dead or drowned—'pon my soul I ain't Ax the Cap'an, if you don't believe me. [*Kisses her.*]

Mary. Bless you! bless you!

Tom. Oh, my precious limbs, what a beauty you are! [*Kisses her violently.*] I can't help it, your honour. Perhaps you wouldn't mind overhauling the old woman a bit. [*Retires up with Mary.*]

Dame. Lord bless us! only hear him. Will your worship please to walk in? you shall have all my poor cottage contains.

Tom. Cheer up, girl! we'll soon be spliced, then let the land sharks come near you [*Shouts without, U. R. L. H. and a party of Villagers enter with Sailors.*] Huzza! May I be made a commander, if here aren't some of our boys! Old Davy ain't swallowed us all, then. Messmates, ahoy! what cheer? [*The Sailors crowd round Topreef and Mary, congratulating them. Music.*] All right, boys. Thanks to the rosy chap up aloft, here we are, all high and dry. The Cap'an is in the cabin. Three cheers for the "Trafalgar," and the union jack, then pipe all hands for grog and mischief! [*Shout. Captain Walton and Dame re-enter, a picture is formed, and Scene closes. Music—"Rule Britannia." Dance and shout.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Walton's Manor House.*
Folding doors.

Enter SQUIRE HARGRAVE.

Harg. It is useless. I cannot fly from my own thoughts. Emily's image constantly fills my soul: her continued coldness only makes me love her with redoubled madness. For her, have I bartered all! Name, friendship—my place amongst men. Yet she rejects—scorns me! Proud woman! mine you shall be, unless the waves give up their own. Last night's tempest, and the false signal lights from the beech cliff, must have lured Walton to his grave. Once assured of this, his constant Emily may still be wooed, and perhaps won.

Enter MUMPS, L. H. much alarmed.

Mumps. Oh, sir, sir! such news!

Harg. What is it? Have we been successful? is she lost?

Mumps. No, sir: but he's found. The false signals availed us nothing. The vessel escaped a perfect wreck, and part of the crew are saved.

Harg. And my rival?

Mumps. Is safe at Dame Wheatley's, and will shortly be here to claim his bride; and I've had the widow's rent paid by a sea monster, and have been kicked out. But there's law——

Harg. The law! Dotard! Will not the law tear her from my grasp? her, for whom I've dared to do evil? Leave me. [*Paces the Stage.*]

Mumps. Directly, sir. [*Aside.*] And glad to get away. Master Topreef shall smart for it, though. I'll trounce the dogfish—I'll hang him if I can. Old Drybones, am I? [*The folding doors open, and Emily enters, followed by Tiller.*]

Harg. [*Aside.*] Begone!

Mumps. Yes, your worship. I know all. Snug! ha, ha! I'm mum. [*Exit. Hargrave retires to wing, R. H. observing Emily.*]

Emily. [*With letter.*] Captain Walton, you say, sent you to the Manor with this?

Til. Yes, my lady. And he told me he should be here almost as soon as I.

Emily. Did he? My brave gallant Henry! How thankful I am to Providence, for its goodness in thus rescuing him from the dangers of the deep.

Harg. [*Aside.*] My hopes are gone for ever.

Emily. Wait in the avenue, and bring me the first news of your master's approach.

Til. Yes, your glory.

[*Exit C. D.*]

Emily. [*Kissing the letter.*] Dear Henry! And are you again restored to your home and me? [*Hargrave advances hastily, from wing.*]

Harg. I am the bearer of joyful news, Emily. Our dear friend, Walton, is on shore and in safety, at Dame Wheatley's cottage—saved almost by a miracle. He will shortly be at the Manor—the glad tidings of which I have already received from his own hand. I almost regret that I was not the fortunate harbinger of so much happiness, but it is like my usual good fortune—always late.

Emily. We can never be too late to do good: besides, the novelty of the action must possess double attraction in Mr. Hargrave's eyes.

Harg. [*Aside.*] Sarcastic devil! [*Shouts without, and enter Tiller, C. D.*]

Til. The Captain, madam [*Walton rushes on, and catches Emily in his arms. Hargrave appears agitated.*]

Walt. This is happiness! Beloved Emily! My friend—[*Taking Hargrave's hand.*—how shall I ever repay your solicitude?

Harg. By allowing me to partake in your happiness, Walton. You indeed possess a treasure in the affection of Miss Dunmore: one that I almost envy.

Emily. [*Aside.*] Hypocrite!

Walt. Where is your father, Emily? I long to take his hand. My own love! the joy I feel at once more enfolding you in my arms, almost deprives me of utterance. [*Embraces her. At the same time Tom Topreef and Mary appear at C. D.—he immediately draws back.*]

Tom. Phew! Splice my shoes, if we ain't in it now, Molly!

Walt. Come forward, Tom: you are welcome.

Tom. [*Advancing slowly.*] Ax pardon, your ladyship's glory, but I didn't mean to—to—what didn't I mean, Mary?

Mary. Nothing please, Miss: he only came to do that.

Walt. Emily, 'twice to this gallant fellow have I been indebted for my life, in battle and in wreck he has saved me.

Tom. Avast, avast yer honour! don't bring the red flag into my figure head. I only did my duty.

Emily. P'rave fellow! Let this purse speak my thanks.
[*Offers purse.*]

Tom. Lord bless you, ma'an, you don't know the stuff we seamen's hearts are made of. We do all for love, not for money. To be sure, I've lost my cutlass—left it aboard, and if his honour would give me an old un, whv I dare say I shall find a use for it, some day or other, eh, Molly?

Mary. Yes, Tommy. [*Emily whispers to Walton.*]

Emily. You shall have one, and immediately. That is, if you will not reject the gift coming from my hands.

Mary. No, that he shan't, miss: for if he refused, I'll wear it myself.

Walt. Wait here, Tom, till we return, and pay your respects to Mr. Hargrave. [*Exit with Emily, c. d.*]

Tom. Aye, aye, your honour. Sarvant, sir—hope you're well and hearty. [*Crosses to L. H.*]

Harg. Thank you, friend—I am both. [*Coldly, walking up the Stage.*]

Tom. [*Aside to Mary.*] That's what I call cutting his jawing tackle rather close, ain't it, my lass? Howsomedever, I shan't press myself on him, or ax him to take a bit of pig-tail. No—not I!

Enter MUMPS, L. H. He starts at seeing Tom

Mumps. [*Whispering to Hargrave.*] That's the very rascal! Moonshine is waiting to see your honour.

Tom. [*To Mary.*] Splice my mizen, if there ain't old Dry-bones, yard arm and yard arm with the Squire. I don't half like the pair on 'em.

Mary. Hush! [*Placing her finger over her mouth.*]

Harg. Follow me!

[*Exit M. H.*]

Mumps. Yes, sir. [*To Mary.*] Ah, my little dear, I hope your mother's well, poor thing. Tell her to be careful of her health. I shall call and see her next quarter day.

Mary. Wretch!

Tom. Sheer off! don't come your Parson Palmer here!

Mumps. Ha, ha! You're a very odd man, Mister Topreef—very odd: but I like you. Yes I do—as well as my own child. I'd give you—[*Aside.*]—a rope to hang yourself. Yes, that I would.

[*Exit laughing.*]

Tom. Mary, who knows? when we're all spliced together—my lady, the captain, and you and I, that we shall be promoted: I made ladies man, and you, admiral of the kitchen, eh, girl?

Re-enter WALTON and EMILY, with a cutlass.

Emily. [*Presenting cutlass.*] There, my worthy fellow: from my hands accept this token of esteem and gratitude, as a slight reward for your fidelity and courage.

Tom. Heaven bless you, ma'am! I feel proud of it. It is a gift, and one that Tom Topreef will never stain with disgrace or dishonour. Next to my captain's life, my country's liberty shall be my trust. With this blade in my hand, I should like to see the foe that would attempt the one, or invade the other!

Walt. Avast, Tom, avast! we all know your good intentions. Listen. To-morrow will be a day of happiness. It unites me to your mistress. I know your inclinations: at the same altar you shall be married too.

Mary [*Curtseys.*] Thank your honour.

Tom. What! I spliced to Molly? Huzza! Oh, my precious stars! No, you don't say so? Tol lol de liddle de rol! [*Dances.*] Molly, give us a buss? [*Kisses her.*] I can't help it, ma'am—'pon my soul I can't!

Walt. [*Laughing.*] We'll leave them, love. Mind, Tom, to-morrow have all in readiness. The chaplain will be aboard at twelve bells. But before we think of our own happiness, we must attend to the comfort of our poor shipmates. We'll go down to the shore, Tom—they're still employed on the wreck—and bring them up to the Manor. They shall all share our joy.

[*Exit or with Emily.*]

Tom. Aye, aye, your honour. Lord bless you, Mary. So I am to be married to you at last, in real earnest, eh? Won't it be nice?

Mary. Yes, Thomas: because then you'll never go to sea any more, will you?

Tom. Why, my lass, that's a thing I can't very well promise. If my country's flag wanted defenders, the true blue would rise in me, and a sailor of Trafalgar never could forget his great commander Nelson's, last signal. "England expects this day every man to do his duty." [*Raising his hat.*]

CRABTREE enters slowly, L. H.

Crab. Mr Sailor-chap . . .

Tom. Mr. Blackmuzzle!

Crab. The dinner's waiting in the hall.

Tom. Is it? Come, Mary: we'll soon board the roast junk Heave ahead!

who fights with his purse instead of his sword, bribing us poor devils to do his dirty work, because his hands are too delicate.

Harg. (*A ide.*) This man may be urged to betray me—I must use smooth words to appease him. You and I, Moonshine, are old friends, and ought not to quarrel. We understand each other.

Moon. We do—and a precious nice understanding it is, master.

Harg. It is to our mutual advantage to refrain from words.

Moon. So I'm thinking: but when gentlemen will use hard words, they must be ready to receive hard knocks.

Harg. I regret having done so.

Moon. That's enough. I'm satisfied, sir—I ain't proud.

Harg. Since you refuse to aid me in my plan of attack at the Manor, perhaps you will join me in another?

Moon. With all my heart—always providing we have plenty of sea room and fair play. No hole and corner work for Bill Moonshine!

Harg. Agreed. Now listen. I'll draw my hated rival among the rocks, near your cave. At a given signal you must attack him, and silence his interference with my prospects for ever. You understand me?

Moon. Perfectly. You want me to send him to sleep with a bullet, and to put him to bed with a spade afterwards.

Harg. I care not *how* you dispose of him, so that he is removed from my path. The attack must be made to-night, in an hour, or the wedding will take place. To-morrow I will lure him to the rocks—you will do the rest.

Moon. All right, Squire. And the payment——

Harg. Shall be made now. [*Gives purse.*] I may depend on you?

Moon. Oh, honour bright. He shall be provided for.

Harg. Farewell! be on the alert. The signal for your appearance shall be——

Moon. My whistle. Pretty thing! I know its pipe. (*Gives whistle.*)

Harg. Very well. Be firm and steady, and you shall find me liberal.

(*Exit U. E. R. H.*)

Moon. If I don't, you shall swing for it, cunning as you are, Squire Richard. What precious rogues these gentlemen are—they think no more of cutting one another's throats, than I do of taking baccy!

(*Exit. Music.*)

SCENE II.—*A Room in Dame Wheatley's Cottage.*

Enter TOM TOPREEF and MARY. L. H.

Tom. Lord bless you, my girl—don't talk about

~~The~~ black rascal could never do a British seaman much damage. We soon laid 'em all keel up'ards, when our boys came up—and, by jingo, it was lucky they did.

Mary. For my sake, pray be careful of yourself. If any accident happens to you, what would my poor mother and myself do?

Tom. Do, Mary? Why you'd find a home and heart in every true Briton's breast. Whereshould the mothers, wives, and children, of the defenders of their country, look for assistance but from their country's men? And they'll find it, too, lass! The doors never would be shut upon those whose kindred's blood had been shed, to keep them in safety and prosperity at home.

Mary. I believe you are right, Tom, but I'd rather not run the risk. I've thought and suffered enough about you when you were away, not to be fearful of you now you are at home.

Tom. Did you think about me, Molly?

Mary. Did I? Lor, how can you ask. What does a young woman think about, but her sweetheart, I should like to know?

Tom. To be sure!

Mary. Every wind that blew I was afraid the ship would upset, and when it rained I knew you'd get wet, for you didn't take an umbrella with you.

Tom. My eyes, Molly! A sailor with an umbrella? You'd as soon see a duck in silk stockings.

Mary. And when I read in the newspaper all about the battles you'd been in, I thought perhaps they'd made you fight.

Tom. Make me fight? Splice my snatch blocks! we chaps don't want much making, we takes to it nat'rally.

Mary. Wasn't you afraid of the powder and smoke?

Tom. Afraid? Bless you, no—we lives on it

Mary. Lor! how nasty. I wonder the smoke didn't choke you, it always makes me sneeze.

Tom. [Laughing.] My dear girl! your little hull was never made for powder and shot. You're only fit for fresh water and sunshiny weather. A rale arnest action, would soon make you founde—'specially when we comes to close quarters, yard arm and yard arm.

Mary. But don't you tremble a bit?

Tom. Why, to tell the truth, we do feel a little bit qualmish before the row begins. The thought of home and friends will bree itself upon us. One hour we are living men, full of wealth and hope—the next a mangled corse, mayhap.

Mary. Don't, Thomas—you'll make me cry: I can't bear

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Tom. But when the first broadside is given, our fears sink, and our courage rises. A hearty cheer passes from lip to lip, and finds a willing echo in our hearts: at it we go, like bull dogs, then!

Mary. Well, it may be all very fine to talk about, Thomas, but I know I should never make a sailor, and wear tarpaulin thingamies.

Tom. I hope not, gal: it ain't in natur for women to wear such things. And as for making a sailor, there are plenty of true blues afloat without that, always ready for a battle or a breeze. The last touch we had with the enemy gave 'em a taste of our quality.

Mary. A bitter taste I suppose, Tom?

Tom. Right, Mary, it was. We were all upon the look-out for the enemy. Every man to his station. Yonder we spied sail, on the weather bow—we gave chase, and cleared the decks for action. "What says the glass?" cries the captain. "French colours, your honour." "Keep her helm steady, and lay us alongside." "Aye, aye, your honour," cries the helmsman. Now she shows her streamers. Out go her pennants, and top awnings. Now she furls her spritsail—pikes her mizen, and slings her mainyard. "Stand to your guns!" says the cap'an. "Send the marines into the tops, and hang out all your ensigns!" Now she nears! Hurrah! Off go her swivel, and twenty-four pounders! "Silence, my lads! take good aim, and return the fire. Soft—steady, my boys—tack and twine your courses, then bear down upon her with your broadside." My eyes! such a shower of grape and canister! Huzza! The Trafalgar walks the waters like a sea gull! "One cheer more, and we board her, lads! Hurrah for the main shrouds!" At it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm—follow, my hearts of oak! Glory leads! The white flag strikes! The British lion tramples on their lillies! She fires! Huzza! She fills! She sinks! Old England for ever! Hurrah! hurrah! *Throws up his hat, and embraces Mary.*

Mary. I don't like it, Thomas: I know I shall faint. Oh, Tom! Tom! T-h-c-m-as! *[Screams, and falls in Tom's arms.]*

Tom. Mary! Molly! Polly! Dame! Don't hang out a white flag—look up! Dame ahoy! bear a hand! *[Calling.]*

Enter DAME WHEATLEY, M. H.

Dame. What's the matter, Thomas?

Tom. Here's Mary turned inside out.

Dame. Lord help us! you don't say so? *[Runs to her.]*
Mary, Mary! my child! hold up your head. What have you been doing to her?

Tom. Nothing: she did it herself, Dame.

Mary. [Starting up.] I didn't! It was you, with your ugly stories about twenty-four pounders, blowing up ships, smoke and gunpowder.

Dame. Nonsense, child: Tom only did it to please you.

Tom. That's all, mother. There, give us a salute [Kisses her.] That'll square your yards again—brace your stays.

Mary. Lor, mother! my stay lace ain't broke, is it?

Tom. Good bye, lass. Remember, to-morrow we join company for life. I must back to the Manor—the captain may be wanting me, and it's rather an ugly look out over the rocks.

Mary. Mind you take care of yourself, for my sake.

Tom. Never fear. With this in my grasp—[Points to cutlass.]—I'm more than a match for a whole crew of land lubbers. Good bye, mother! give us your grapple. Hoist all your sky scrapers and streamers to-morrow, Molly—for it'll be a rare day among the great folks up at the hall: and my eyes! won't we cut a splash! when the chaplain ties his everlasting cable round us, and sings out his amen! [Exit. Mary and Dame wave their hands to him, and exit, R. H. Music—“Jack Robinson.”]

SCENE III.—Same as Scene IV. Act I. only moonlight.

Music. Enter HARGRAVE, followed by WALTON.

Walt. Why do you maintain this moody silence, Hargrave? Surely we are far enough now, to be freed from all interruption. What is it you have to communicate, that requires so much secrecy?

Harg. That which affects your life or mine.

Walt. What is the meaning of these strange words? I am at a loss to comprehend them.

Harg. Then I will elucidate them for you, for it is time we more fully understand each other. Further disguise is now needless. You have opposed all my views, thwarted my prospects, and reduced my future existence almost to a state of beggary—or, what is far worse, dependance.

Walt. How have I done this? You astonish me.

Harg. Oh, it is well to affect ignorance. Sir, have you not won the heart of my cousin Emily? decoyed her affections from me?

Walt. Decoyed, sir?

Harg. Nay, proud looks will avail you little here. I repeat, decoyed. But for you, she might have been my wife, bringing with her, as her marriage dower, these broad lands,

once the heritage of my forefathers: thus I should have been restored to rank and fortune. You step in, and dash the fancied cup of happiness aside, and expect me, worm-like, to crawl submissively under the foot that crushes me.

Walt. Richard Hargrave, up to this hour I always considered you my friend, and would have called that man my foe, who had dared say otherwise. Here, our supposed friendship ceases. Emily's love has long been plighted to me: 'tis that I value, not her wealth. You had the same means to win her regard that I had. The selection has been made—she rejects you. How in this have I wronged you, but in the pursuit of a fair and honourable passion? I pity you, doubly so, now that I find you cherish such harsh feelings of discontent. Farewell! *Going.*]

Harg. Stay! we part not yet.

Walt. Would you dare — *[Touching his sword.]*

Harg. I dare anything! You give up your claim to Emily's hand, or you return no more to the Manor.

Walt. Give up Emily? Are you mad?

Harg. No—perfectly in my senses, I assure you. You resign her, or your liberty.

Walt. Who has the power to detain me against my will?

Harg. I have! You look incredulous—this shall soon convince you. *[Sounds whistle—it is speedily answered from several points.]*

Walt. Treacherous bound! your life shall answer this act! *[Draws his sword. As he is rushing on Hargrave, Moonshine and six Smugglers enter—they all attack him—he is wounded in the arm by a pistol shot, and is secured. Walton's belt during the struggle, falls on Stage. Walton calls for help.]*

Moon. Shall we finish him here, Squire?

Harg. No, no: throw him over the rocks—the sea will speedily hide him.

Moon. He's given me a scratch with his damned cutlass—why didn't he surrender like a gentleman? *[Takes a handkerchief from Walton's neck, and staunches the blood from his arm, then throws it aside.]*

Harg. Away with him, lads, before he revives. Stay, this must be my prize! *[Takes miniature from Walton's bosom.]* Now, to the sea with him! *[Music. They carry him off over the rocks, followed by Hargrave, gazing on the miniature.]*

TOM TOPREEF enters hurriedly, with his cutlass drawn.

Tom. *[Gazing round the Stage.]* I'm sure I heard a cry of help—it sounded like my captain's voice. Trafalgar, ahoy! *[Calls.]* No answer? nobody within hail? If danger should have reached him, and I not by—my kind commander and

friend! [Sees Walton's belt.] His belt! yes, it is—I know it well! Some foul work has been afloat here. [Calls.] Yez honour! answer me, or you'll break my heart. Yeo ho! ahoy! [Pause. Sees bloody handkerchief on the ground, that Moonshine threw aside.] The very handkerchief, too, given him by Madame Emily: a precious gift, that he would have parted with, only with his life! stained in blood! My head grows dizzy—they have murdered him! [Leans against a rock—his face buried in his hands. Hargrave and Moonshine with Smugglers, re-enter cautiously—start on seeing Tom—he leaves the Stage slowly, crawling among the rocks. Music.]

Harg. Hush! or this fool will betray us all.

Moon. Shall I stop his tattler, Squire?

Harg. No, no—his cries may bring assistance.

Moon. Well, then, suppose we fix the job upon him?

Harg. What do you mean?

Moon. Twist his neck, to save our own. We can swear he slew the captain—the handkerchief and belt being found upon him, and this purse that I took from the body—[Shows Walton's purse.]—we can also swear he stole.

Harg. A happy thought. You are a clever fellow, Moonshine. He is returning—secure, and carry him to the Manor. [They retire cautiously.]

TOM TOPREEF re-enters, dejectedly.

Tom. There's no traces of him left. How shall I ever face madam Emily again? I, that swore to guard him with my life. I can't go back with the black flag, to change hearts pouring over with joy and gladness into desolation and wretchedness! No, no—I can't do it—let others carry her ill news. [The Smugglers surround Tom.]

Harg. Seize that man! [They seize him.] I accuse him of murder and robbery!

Tom. What! You accuse me?

Harg. Yes, ruffian! Look, my friends, the tokens of his guilt are still in his hands. [Snatching handkerchief.] These things I well know belonged to my poor murdered friend.

Tom. Your honour!

Moon. And this purse, Squire. [Affecting to take it from Tom's pocket.] What does such a chap as he do with it?

Harg. [Taking it.] This also is Walton's. Oh, villain! You are all witnesses, men?

Omnes. Yes, yes!

Tom. Stand off, you lubbers! Squire, you don't believe I did it! You can't—it's cruel to jest with a poor fellow, whose heart is nigh breaking for the loss of his best friend. Let me go, and I'll join you in hunting the murderer through the world!

Mumps. [*Aside.*] The vixen! I wish they'd hang her, too.
Mary. Oh, Thomas, they won't keep you here, will they? We want you at home. Mother's nearly heart-broken about you.

Tom. Poor old soul! You must comfort and cheer her up, Mary, and learn to forget me.

Mary. Forget you? Do you want to break my heart? [*Weeps.*]

Dun. This must be distressing to your feelings, prisoner. My painful duty obliges me to commit you.

Mary. Commit me too, your worship!

ABRAHAM MOSES enters slowly, D. D. bowing lowly. Dunmore talks with Hargrave.

Moses. Sarvants, your worship. What! ma goot friend in trouble? Pless ma heart! [*Shakes Tom's hand.*] What's the matter, ma life?

Harg. The objection is but trifling, sir. [*He takes out his handkerchief, and in so doing, the miniature falls on the Stage. He tries to pick it up hastily, but Moses intercepts and secures it.*]

Moses. Pless ma heart! I've seen dis workmanship before. Vere did you pur it, if I may be so bold, sir?

Harg. It is mine, fellow! Restore it instantly.

Moses. Excuse me, sir. First you must say where you got it. Your worship, I demand to know when and where the gentlemen bought it. Much depends on this pretty picture.

Harg. [*To Danmore.*] In order to satisfy you, sir, I will answer this man. It was made by my orders, in London, long since.

Moses. Very goot. Then of course you can touch de secret spring, sir? [*Gives picture to him.*]

Harg. [*Aside.*] Foiled! [*Endeavouring to touch spring.*]

Moses. Vat, your hand trembles, sir, does it? You see, your worship, he has not larned the trick, known but to me and him-for whom it was made. [*Takes miniature, touches spring, and shows Walton's likeness. Hargrave starts.*] See! the image of your murdered friend! murdered by you! [*All start.*]

Mary. I knew it! I was sure of it!

Tom. Silence, Mary—there is hope, now.

Harg. Are you mad? Fool! To accuse me, when the guilt of this evil deed has been fully proved.

Dun. What is it you mean, my good man? You must be labouring under some delusion.

Moses. No, your worship. He asked for judgment, judgment he shall have. Behold a witness that will freeze your

blood! [*Goes to folding doors, leads on Walton, who is very pale, with his arm in a sling. Emily follows him, and the Sailors. Tom rushes to him—Hargrave seems transfixed with horror—the Smugglers turn aside. Picture.*]

Tom. Can I believe my eyes? His honour living? Is it—is it you?

Walt. Yes, my faithful fellow. There stands my cowardly assassin, and his base myrmidons! But for this grateful creature, who rescued me from a watery grave—[*Taking Moses by the hand.*—I must have perished.

Dun. Secure Richard Hargrave, and those men. Carry them instantly to the county goal—the scaffold will be their doom!

Harg. I know my fate, sir. I played for a high stake, and have lost it. May my curses mar their coming happiness! [*Exit with Smugglers, R. H. guarded by Constables.*]

Moses. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha! what'll ma Rachel say now, I wonder?

Tom. Say? why that you are a jolly old cock, and ought to be made a bishop, and that the "Seaman's Star" shines brightly. [*Shakes his hand.*] I'm so happy! Kiss me, Molly. [*Kisses her.*] Avast! let us first overhaul the friendly log before us. [*To Audience.*] Messmates perched up aloft—friends snugly stationed in the cabin—and patrons on the quarter-deck—if you approve of our efforts, may I ask for a hearty salute from your hands? it shall be echoed back by joyous hearts, whom your praise make glad. We shall then float with our little bark smoothly down the ocean of popularity, until it's safely anchored by Hope, in the haven of success.

Moses. Then what'll ma Rachel say? [*Music—"Rule Britannia."* *Picture.*]

THE CURTAIN FALLS.